

[Transcription begins]

#21 Monday February 7, 1944

Dear Douglas:

Another Monday rolls around and time for another letter to you. So far no word from you since January 14<sup>th</sup> but we know from the papers that there has been much activity in your neighborhood so think you must be very busy.

Marilyn has had a touch of 24 hour grippe but is all right again. Bill came home last Wednesday, returned to his ship early Friday morning and appeared home again last night! But he says he is going to grab all the leave he can while he can, for no telling when he may be shifted to another assignment. Aunt Marion and Harvey had stopped for a few minutes and we had shown them how Daryl recognizes his picture and "loves" it by putting it to her face. I had put it back on the mantel when Bill appeared and quick as a flash Daryl looked at him and then turned deliberately around to look at his picture on the mantel! Just now she is jabbering every waking minute with her voice rising and falling as if holding a regular conversation but not a word is understandable. Chip just tolerates her and we keep her away from his basket although if we are holding her he will come up and let her pat him.

Dick Whipple went into the hospital last night in preparation for his arm operation on Tuesday morning. It seems there is quite a bit of shaving and wrapping in sterile bandages which precedes such an affair. Ethel Miller will be in the operating room so we will know just what happened. He will be in the hospital about three weeks and then must keep off the leg for another six.

Charles Brown is home at last. I have not seen him but Clara tells us that he is in splendid condition, brown as a [sic] Indian and very much more talkative and jolly and very witty. (Dad has just this minute telephoned that he has a letter from you dated the 28<sup>th</sup> of Jan. On his way to the bank he will leave it for me at the shop.[ ) ]

Have I told you that I am getting through here at the shop on April 5<sup>th</sup>? Orders have come from our headquarters that all work must be done by volunteers. I expect to stay home for about a month unless something

unusual turns up--I am considering a position at the CU at Brown University but the hours are not to my liking and I want to talk that over with them, otherwise it sounds pretty good. Mrs. Buffum's employer, Mr. Wing, dropped dead last week so she is undecided just what her future is to be.

Saturday night was another bean supper for eleven with the Buffums, Ed Arnolds, Ben Chases, and Philip Foxes, [n]ames which probably mean little to you but the wives all worked together many years ago in the YMCA. We had a good time although it was a little harder than ordinary for me for Marilyn was feeling her sickest on that day but good old Mrs. Webber was on the job as far as the house was concerned and Daryl is always so good. I put her in her bed at seven and didn't hear another sound from her until half-past eight the next morning, and seeing it was my only opportunity to sleep in the morning, I was most grateful to her.

The portion of a service man's letter which I enclose I thought might be an inspiration for you. You know Dad never did a thing with his painting until after he was married but he has sketched for as long as I have known him. Could I send you any drawing materials, such as notebook or pencils?

Laura Holmes has a new daughter named Marilyn.

I thought the enclosed postcards might bring you pleasant memories--if instead they produce nostalgia, let me know and I will enclose no more! (Dad has appeared with the letter, numbered 82--the last one received was 79, so perhaps there are two which will appear at the house.) Glad you are having a chance to keep up with the typewriting for I have a feeling it will come in handy when you return and to civilian life. Your hirsute (is that the word that I want) drawings and descriptions are entertaining and we are glad to know that your razor is on the job again.

It has just been announced that the men expecting to get their degrees at Brown next June will have to leave sometime in the next two weeks. This is a great disappointment to many of them including your Bill Metcalf and John Brown. Aren't we glad that you had the full four years!

Dad mentioned in one of his letters that I would send you some cookies one of these days. My intentions are good, I have all the ingredients and the box, it is simply that with Marilyn having the grippe, I had to spend my evenings keeping up on the washing, ironing, etc. But I expect in a day or two to get

at them.

Larry is well established in West Virginia somewhere, writes that his food is excellent, quantities of it but that he is always short of money, doesn't know what becomes of it, but on second thought guesses it must be because after every G.I. supper he goes to town and buys a full course dinner and will his mother please send him boxes of food as often as possible and enough to feed five at a time!

Last night the Richmonds dropped in for a call, they had just put Janet on the train to return to Bradford Junior college and Mrs. Richmond was so lonesome she just didn't want to go home! They think everything of Daryl. Marilyn is still planning to have her christened with Janet and Marge Schmid as godmothers (a girl has two of those and if it were a boy, there would be two godfathers) and you a godfather, which will have to be done by proxy. She is still waiting to get Bill and Janet home at the same time, they just missed this week-end.

Would V-mail serve you any better? I notice there is quite a bit of agitation for it in the newspapers and if you prefer it I am willing.

All our love to you and prayers for the safety of the good ship Elden and her crew.

Mother

Bob Stang [?] graduates tomorrow as Lieut in the Air Corps.  
Mrs. Brown has just telephoned me--Charles has gone up in a bomber with Hollies for a 3 hr trip and tomorrow they are all going skiing.

[Transcription ends]